

MINUTE

OK

1/8/90

"BLONDIE"

4:30 - 5:00 P.M.
7:30 - 8:00 P.M.

MONDAY, JANUARY 1, 1940

GOODWIN: AH, AH, AH -- DON'T TOUCH THAT DIAL -- THIS IS THE "BLONDIE" PROGRAM BROUGHT YOU BY THE CAMEL CIGARETTE PEOPLE.

ORCHESTRA: (THEME...EIGHT BARS...THEN UNDER FOR:)

GOODWIN: BEFORE WE DROP OVER TO THE BUMSTEAD HOUSE TO VISIT CHIC YOUNG'S FAMOUS CHARACTERS, "BLONDIE" AND "DAGWOOD," A WORD FROM THE MAKERS OF CAMEL CIGARETTES. SCIENTIFIC RESEARCH TELLS US SIMPLY AND LOGICALLY THAT THE SLOWER A CIGARETTE BURNS, THE COOLER AND Milder THE SMOKING. BUT ALL CIGARETTES DON'T BURN ALIKE. SOME BURN FAST -- SOME BURN SLOWER. SLOW-BURNING IS A QUALITY OF THE INDIVIDUAL CIGARETTE AND ITS TOBACCO. THAT'S WHY IT IS IMPORTANT TO REMEMBER THAT IN RECENT LABORATORY TESTS OF SIXTEEN OF THE LARGEST-SELLING BRANDS, CAMEL CIGARETTES BURNED SLOWEST OF ALL -- TWENTY-FIVE PER CENT SLOWER THAN THE AVERAGE OF THE OTHER BRANDS TESTED. YOU SEE, CAMELS ARE MADE FROM FINER, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS. EACH AND EVERY CAMEL CIGARETTE IS MADE TO A RIGID STANDARD. CAMELS ARE MADE TO GIVE YOU MORE PLEASURE -- THEY SMOKE WITH MORE PLEASURE -- WITH MORE MILDNESS, MORE COOLNESS, AND MORE FLAVOR IN EVERY PUFF. THAT'S THE PLEASURE SIDE OF SLOW-BURNING CAMELS -- THERE'S ALSO AN ECONOMY SIDE. I'LL TELL YOU ALL ABOUT IT LATER.

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GOODWIN: AND NOW -- OUR WEEKLY VISIT TO THE BUMSTEADS FINDS
BLONDIE DRESSING TO GO OUT TO A NEW YEAR'S PARTY...
WHILE DAG -- ONLY PARTIALLY DRESSED IN DINNER CLOTHES --
TRIES TO TIE HIS BLACK BOW TIE WITH ONE HAND WHILE
HOLDING A TELEPHONE IN THE OTHER...

(RECORDING HEARD...FAST...SRHILL...AND UNINTELLIGIBLE.

THE HAZEL FUDDLE RECORDING)

BLONDIE: (AWAY) DAGWOOOOOOD?

DAGWOOD: (CALLS) YES, HONEY...(TO PHONE)...ER, NOT YOU,
MRS. FUDDLE...I WAS TALKING TO SOMEONE ELSE.

BLONDIE: (AWAY) WHO IS THAT ON THE TELEPHONE SO LONG, DAGWOOD?

(RECORD OUT)

DAGWOOD: (TO PHONE) THAT WAS BLONDIE. (RECORD IN)

BLONDIE: WHO?

DAGWOOD: (YELLS) ER, LISTEN, MRS. FUDDLE. LISTEN! (RECORD
OUT) ER -- GOODBYE, MRS. FUDDLE! (HANGS UP) THAT
WAS MRS. FUDDLE, BLONDIE.

BLONDIE: (COMING IN) OH. WELL, I HOPE SHE WON'T BE MAD AT
YOUR CUTTING HER OFF SO SHORT.

DAGWOOD: SO SHORT -- SHE'S HAD ME ON THAT PHONE TWENTY MINUTES...

BLONDIE: WHAT DID SHE HAVE TO SAY?

DAGWOOD: NOTHING.

BLONDIE: NOW, DAGWOOD -- NOT EVEN HAZEL FUDDLE TAKES TWENTY
MINUTES TO SAY NOTHING.

DAGWOOD: SHE MAKES A SWELL TRY, THOUGH. SHE TOLD ME ALL OVER
AGAIN HOW SHE SPRAINED HER ANKLE TRIMMING THEIR
CHRISTMAS TREE.

BLONDIE: IS IT STILL PAINFUL?

DAGWOOD: ~~YEAH.~~ SAYS HER ANKLE IS SO BAD SHE CAN'T TURN HER HEAD. (PAUSE) HER LIPS STILL MOVE, THOUGH.

BLONDIE: SHE SHOULD HAVE MADE MR. FUDDLE TRIM THE TREE.

DAGWOOD: OH, HE WAS DIRECTING THE JOB. HE HAD LIGHTS THAT FLASHED ON AND OFF -- AND HE WANTED THEM FIXED SO THEY'D SPELL F - U - D - D - L - E.

BLONDIE: DID SHE SAY IF BABY DUMPLING HAD GONE TO BED?

DAGWOOD: YEAH. BUT HE AND HER LITTLE ALVIN HAD TWO PILLOW FIGHTS AND SHE CLAIMS IT WAS BABY PUT THE MOUSETRAP IN ALVIN'S BED.

BLONDIE: OH, DEAR, I HOPE BABY WILL BEHAVE. IT WAS NICE OF HAZEL TO KEEP HIM SO THAT WE COULD GO TO THE PARTY TONIGHT.

DAGWOOD: SHE COULDN'T GO ANYWAY WITH HER ANKLE. HEY, BLONDIE, TIE MY TIE FOR ME?

BLONDIE: OH, DAGWOOD, IT'S ALL MUSSED.

DAGWOOD: THAT'S BECAUSE EVERY TIME I GOT IT FIXED I FOUND I HAD MY FINGER TIED IN THE BOW.

BLONDIE: HOLD YOUR HEAD UP -- DEAR -- AND HOLD STILL. DO YOU KNOW WHERE WE'RE GOING FOR THIS PARTY, DAGWOOD?

DAGWOOD: (STRANGLING VOICE) UH-UH. THAT'S THE SURPRISE PART OF THE PARTY, FUDDLE SAYS.

BLONDIE: WELL, IT WON'T BE AT DITHER'S HOUSE. CORY WOULD NEVER TAKE A CHANCE ON HER FURNITURE.

DAGWOOD: CORY'S AWAY -- VISITING HER FOLKS OVER THE HOLIDAYS.

BLONDIE: MAYBE MR. DITHERS WILL TAKE US ALL TO A RESTAURANT. THERE -- YOUR TIE LOOKS FINE.

DAGWOOD: THANKS. NO -- IT WON'T BE A RESTAURANT WITH DITHERS IN THE PARTY. LAST YEAR HE WENT OUT NEW YEAR'S EVE... AND THE COVER CHARGE WAS FIVE DOLLARS. THE FIRST NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTION HE MADE WAS NEVER TO EAT OUT AGAIN.

BLONDIE: WELL -- BUT THIS ISN'T NEW YEAR'S EVE ANY MORE. MAYBE NOW THAT THE PRICES ARE DOWN TO NORMAL, HE'LL GO SOMEWHERE -- AND TAKE HIS OWN HORN!

DAGWOOD: NO -- IT'S GOING TO BE SOMEBODY'S HOUSE. WE ALL PUT UP FIVE DOLLARS A PIECE -- FOR EVERYTHING. FUDDLE IS TREASURER.

BLONDIE: OH. ARE WE PAYING TEN DOLLARS, DAGWOOD?

DAGWOOD: SURE. BUT THAT'S CHEAP FOR A NICE PARTY. (FUDDLE RINGS) HERE'S FUDDLE NOW.

FUDDLE: (OPENING DOOR) (SINGS TO TUNE OF "OLD MAN RIVER")
'OOOH...NOBODY WUKS IN DE BUMSTEAD HUMSTEAD.' (LAUGHS)
HOWDY FOLKS, HOWDY!

BLONDIE: COME IN, MR. FUDDLE.

DAGWOOD: YEAH. HOW ARE YOU, FUDDLE? ER -- HAPPY NEW YEAR.

FUDDLE: THAT'S WHAT YOU SAID LAST YEAR, BUMSTEAD...BUT IT WASN'T.

DAGWOOD: IT WAS PRETTY GOOD FOR ME. BUT I DON'T KNOW WHERE IT WENT TO SO FAST.

FUDDLE: YOU SPENT MOST OF IT SLEEPING, BUMSTEAD. SO THIS TIME I'M GOING TO WISH YOU A NAPPY NEW YEAR. (LAUGHS)
GET IT?

DAGWOOD: YEAH.

BLONDIE: I'M SO SORRY HAZEL WON'T BE ABLE TO COME WITH US.

FUDDLE: WELL -- IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN WORSE. I THOUGHT FOR A MINUTE SHE'D BROKEN HER LEG! (LAUGHS) LIKE I SAID TO THE DOC, "I'M AFRAID WE'LL HAVE TO SHOOT HER."
(LAUGHS)

BLONDIE: MAYBE WE COULD STOP IN A MINUTE TO SEE HER.

FUDDLE: NO. SHE'D SEE THAT NEW DRESS AND START ASKING FOR A NEW ONE HERSELF. I NEVER SAW SUCH A WOMAN TO ASK FOR THINGS...A DOLLAR FOR THIS AND FIVE DOLLARS FOR THAT.

DAGWOOD: WHAT DOES SHE WANT WITH ALL THE MONEY?

FUDDLE: I DON'T KNOW. I NEVER GIVE HER ANY! (LAUGHS) YOU CERTAINLY LOOK SWELL, BLONDIE...

DAGWOOD: HOW DO I LOOK?

FUDDLE: LIKE A WAITER. HEY! WHAT'S THE IDEA OF THE SOUP AND FISH GET UP?

DAGWOOD: WELL -- IF WE'RE GOING OUT TO A PARTY...

BLONDIE: YES -- AND IF WE'RE GOING WE'D BETTER START. MY! I FEEL GAY, GOING OUT TO A PARTY.

DAGWOOD: YEAH. WAIT 'TIL I GET MY HAT...

FUDDLE: YOU WON'T NEED A HAT, BUMSTEAD.

DAGWOOD: OH, I'D BETTER TAKE IT. I MIGHT GET A COLD IN MY HEAD.

FUDDLE: NOT UNLESS YOU OPEN ALL THE WINDOWS.

DAGWOOD: WINDOWS?

BLONDIE: WHAT WINDOWS?

FUDDLE: YOUR WINDOWS. I TOLD YOU THIS WAS A SURPRISE PARTY, DIDN'T I?

DAGWOOD: (DOUBTFULLY) YEAH...BUT...

FUDDLE: WELL, THIS IS THE SURPRISE! THE PARTY IS GOING TO BE HERE!

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DAGWOOD: WELL, I'VE BEEN WONDERING WHERE... (TAKE) HEY! WHAT?
HERE?

FUDDLE: SURE. (LAUGHS)

DAGWOOD: HEY! WE CAN'T HAVE A PARTY HERE!

FUDDLE: THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK. IT'S ALL SETTLED. TOO LATE
TO BACK OUT NOW BUMSTEAD.

BLONDIE: OH -- BUT, MR. FUDDLE -- I DIDN'T DO ANY HOUSE
CLEANING TODAY AND...

DAGWOOD: AND THERE'S NO FOOD...NOT ENOUGH ANYWAY...

FUDDLE: ALL TAKEN CARE OF, MY BOY. LOVEJOY IS BRINGING THE
REFRESHMENTS.

DAGWOOD: LOVEJOY? LOVEJOY WHO?

FUDDLE: WHY, LOVEJOY FUDDLE -- MY COUSIN. JUST GOT IN TOWN
TODAY.

BLONDIE: OH DEAR! A STRANGER! AND THE HOUSE LOOKS PERFECTLY
TERRIBLE.

FUDDLE: LOVEJOY WON'T NOTICE THAT. AT HIS HOUSE THEY KEEP
CHICKENS IN THE PARLOR!

DAGWOOD: YEAH? WHERE IS THAT?

FUDDLE: HE'S FROM SINGING SPRINGS, ARKANSAS.

BLONDIE: WELL, DAGWOOD, WE MIGHT AS WELL BE GOOD SPORTS.

FUDDLE: MAYBE I'D BETTER PREPARE YOU A LITTLE FOR LOVEJOY.
HE'S JUST A COUNTRY BOY, YOU KNOW...

BLONDIE: NOW, DON'T YOU WORRY A BIT...WE'LL MAKE HIM FEEL AT
HOME...

DAGWOOD: I DON'T KNOW -- MAYBE HE'LL MISS THE CHICKENS...

BLONDIE: MAYBE YOU'D BETTER NOT WEAR YOUR TUXEDO, DAGWOOD.
IT MIGHT EMBARRASS LOVEJOY.

FUDDLE: OH, HE'S A PRETTY SNAPPY DRESSER HIMSELF. WHY UP TO THE TIME HE GOT OFF THE TRAIN -- I'D NEVER SEEN ANYBODY WEARING A MOTHER OF PEARL HATBAND!

DAGWOOD: GOSH. (DELIGHTED) ARE THEY PRETTY EXPENSIVE?

FUDDLE: OH, HE CAN AFFORD TO DRESS. HIS FATHER IS A BIG RESTAURATEUR.

DAGWOOD: HE IS? ER -- WHAT'S THAT?

BLONDIE: A MAN WHO OWNS A RESTAURANT, DAGWOOD. (DOOR BELL) OH -- MAYBE THAT'S LOVEJOY NOW...

FUDDLE: WAIT! DON'T LET HIM IN YET! WAIT'LL I HIDE.

DAGWOOD: WHAT FOR?

FUDDLE: FOR A RIB! TELL HIM I'M NOT HERE. YOU DON'T EVEN KNOW ME! KEEP HIM STANDING THERE WITH HIS ARMS FULL OF BUNDLES...

BLONDIE: OH, NO, MR. FUDDLE...

FUDDLE: (GOING) SURE...LOVEJOY IS A JOKER HIMSELF. (GOING) I'LL BE IN THE KITCHEN...

DAGWOOD: (CALLING AFTER HIM...SOTTO) BUT WHAT WILL I SAY?

FUDDLE: (AWAY...SOTTO) JUST SAY SCRAM AND MAKE OFF YOU'RE GOING TO SHUT THE DOOR...(DOOR BELL LOUDER)

BLONDIE: I DON'T THINK IT'S VERY POLITE TO TREAT A STRANGER LIKE THAT, DAGWOOD.

DAGWOOD: WELL, IT'S FUDDLE'S OWN COUSIN...HE'LL PROBABLY THINK IT'S FUNNY. (DOOR BELL) YOU HIDE TOO, BLONDIE...I'M GOING TO OPEN THE DOOR. (DOOR BELL) (DOOR OPENS) SCRAM! (DOOR SLAMS) (DAG LAUGHS...FURIOUS POUNDING ON DOOR...DOOR OPENS AGAIN)

DITHERS: BUMSTEAD!

DAGWOOD: T-OOOOH!' IT'S MR. DITHERS!
DITHERS: WHO DID YOU THINK IT WAS?
DAGWOOD: LOVEJOY...
BLONDIE: LOVEJOY FUDDLE.
DAGWOOD: FUDDLE'S NEPHEW FROM SINGING SPRINGS...
DITHERS: BAH! DO I LOOK LIKE ANY KIN OF FUDDLE'S?
DAGWOOD: NO SIR...IT WAS JUST A LITTLE JOKE!
BLONDIE: COME RIGHT IN, MR. DITHERS...I'M SO SORRY CORY'S OUT
OF TOWN.
DAGWOOD: YEAH -- TOO BAD SHE CAN'T BE HERE.
DITHERS: CORY NEVER GOES TO NEW YEAR'S PARTIES. YEARS AGO --
AT A PARTY SHE WAS FRIGHTENED BY AN OYSTER.
DAGWOOD: YEAH? WHAT DID THE OYSTER DO?
DITHERS: SOMEBODY PUT IT DOWN THE BACK OF HER DRESS.
DAGWOOD: OH!
BLONDIE: OH DEAR!
DITHERS: YEAH, SO NOW SHE'LL ONLY GO OUT SOCIALLY IN THE MONTHS
WITH NO R IN THEM.
DAGWOOD: YEAH? WELL, IT'S A GOOD THING SHE WASN'T FRIGHTENED
BY A STRAWBERRY, TOO.
BLONDIE: OH, DAGWOOD! WELL, I'M MIGHTY GLAD WE'RE HAVING A
PARTY -- SO YOU WON'T BE ALONE TONIGHT, MR. DITHERS.
DITHERS: I DON'T SEE MUCH GOING ON HERE.
DAGWOOD: OH, THE OTHERS HAVEN'T COME YET...BUT IT WILL BE A
GOOD PARTY -- I GUESS.
BLONDIE: MR. FUDDLE IS HERE...OUT IN THE KITCHEN. I'LL GO TELL
HIM IT WASN'T HIS NEPHEW AT THE DOOR.
DAGWOOD: YEAH -- TELL HIM IT WAS A FALSE ALARM!

DITHERS: EH? YOU MEAN ME?

DAGWOOD: NO! NO! I -- I SAY -- IT'S KIND OF WARM -- DON'T YOU THINK?

DITHERS: YOU WASTE HEAT, BUMSTEAD. HELP ME OUT OF THIS FUR COAT.

DAGWOOD: YES SIR. (DOOR BELL) I GUESS THIS IS LOVEJOY FUDDLE NOW...(GOING) YOU LET HIM IN WILL YOU? WHILE I PUT AWAY YOUR COAT.

DITHERS: I'LL GIVE HIM THE SAME GREETING YOU GAVE ME. (BELL AGAIN...DOOR OPENS) GO AWAY! OH! I -- ER -- I BEG YOUR PARDON, MADAM...I DIDN'T KNOW IT WAS YOU. I -- I MEAN I THOUGHT IT WASN'T YOU...THAT IS...

MRS.: (SWEETLY...BIT OF ACCENT) OH, IT'S QUITE ALL RIGHT. QUITE. YOU'RE THE NEW BUTLER?

DITHERS: EH? BUTLER? NO...JUST -- AH -- ONE OF THE GUESTS YOU KNOW...

MRS.: OH, THEN THIS IS WHERE THE PARTY IS?

DITHERS: OH, DEFINITELY. GLAD YOU COULD COME...WON'T YOU STEP IN?

MRS.: THANKS SO MUCH. HAVE THE RABBERBERTHENYS COME YET?

DITHERS: THE -- ER -- THE WHO?

MRS.: PELEAS AND MELLISANDE RABBERBERTHENY? SUCH LOVELY PEOPLE...

DITHERS: (GALLANT) I'M SURE THEY ARE IF THEY'RE FRIENDS OF YOURS...

MRS.: (COOS) FLATTERER. HOW NICE TO FIND YOU AT THE
PARTY. ~~SUCH ENTHUSIA~~

DITHERS: ~~WHY?~~

MRS.: I JUST ADORE PARTIES YOU KNOW. THAT'S WHY I'M SO
GOOD AT GIVING THEM.

DITHERS: OH, YOU -- YOU GIVE THEM TOO?

MRS.: WHY, IT'S MY CAREER!

DITHERS: YOU MEAN YOU MAKE A BUSINESS OF GIVING PARTIES?

MRS.: WHY, BUT OF COURSE! THIS IS ONE OF MY PARTIES
YOU KNOW...

DAGWOOD: (COMING IN) HEY -- WHO IS IT, MR. DITHERS?

DITHERS: I HAVEN'T HAD THE PLEASURE OF THE LADY'S ACQUAINTANCE --
YET. BUT SHE SAYS THIS IS HER PARTY.

DAGWOOD: SHE DOES! ER -- WHAT MAKES HER THINK SO?

MRS.: WHY, WHO IS THIS?

DITHERS: HIS NAME IS BUMPSHEAD. HE LIVES HERE.

MRS.: LIVES HERE?

DAGWOOD: YEAH...IF YOU DON'T MIND.

MRS.: YOU MEAN YOU LIVE WITH THE W. K. WELKINS?

DAGWOOD: WELL, NO...JUST WITH BLONDIE AND BABY DUMPLING -- ONLY HE'S OVER AT FUDDLES TONIGHT.

MRS.: FUDDLES! I -- I NEVER HEAR OF THEM.

DAGWOOD: WELL, IF IT COMES TO THAT -- I NEVER HEARD OF THE WELKINS, EITHER.

MRS.: OH! GOODNESS! DON'T TELL ME THIS ISN'T 2143 NORTH SHADY LANE DRIVE.

DAGWOOD: NO MAM. THAT'S WAY OVER ACROSS THE TRACKS.

MRS.: GOODNESS! WHY THEN -- I'M NOT GIVING A PARTY HERE AT ALL.

DITHERS: TOO BAD.

DAGWOOD: YEAH...I -- I BET YOU'D GIVE A GOOD PARTY IF YOU WERE.

MRS.: WELL, OF COURSE IT'S JUST A KNACK YOU KNOW. NOW MY PARTIES ARE FAMOUS BECAUSE THEY'RE DIFFERENT!...THE ONE I'M GIVING NOW -- SOMEWHERE OR OTHER -- IS CALLED "HUNT YOUR HOST." TOO DUCKY.

DITHERS: HOW DOES IT GO?

DAGWOOD: COME IN, WON'T YOU? JUST FOR A MINUTE?

MRS.: WELL -- JUST FOR A MINUTE...YOU SEE AT A HUNT YOUR HOST PARTY YOU START AT ONE HOUSE AND AS SOON AS ALL THE GUESTS ARE THERE THE HOST RUNS OUT THE DOOR -- AND TEARS OUT OF SIGHT -- AND DASHES TO ANOTHER HOUSE...AND EVERYBODY TRIES TO FIND HIM.

DAGWOOD: WHAT HAPPENS THEN?

MRS.: WHY THEN, WHEN EVERYBODY GETS TO THE NEXT HOUSE --
THAT HOST RUNS AWAY, TOO.

DAGWOOD: YOU MEAN YOU NEVER STOP ANYWHERE LONG ENOUGH TO EAT?

MRS.: EAT? WHY NO ONE EXPECTS FOOD AT PARTIES ANYMORE.

DAGWOOD: I DO.

DITHERS: NONSENSE, BUMPSTEAD. THIS LADY HAS FASHIONABLE IDEAS.
I CAN SEE THAT. ER -- YOU MUST HAVE LOST THE LAST
HOST -- EH?

MRS.: WELL, NO. I THINK IT WAS THE ONE BEFORE THE LAST.
YOU SEE, THIS PARTY STARTED LATE CHRISTMAS NIGHT --
AND I'M AFRAID I GOT A LITTLE BEHIND...

DAGWOOD: YOU BEEN RUNNING AROUND SINCE A WEEK AGO?

MRS.: OH, IT'S BEEN FUN. SUCH CHARMING PEOPLE ONE MEETS.

DITHERS: AH -- THANK YOU!

MRS.: OH DEAR -- I'M AFRAID YOU'RE A LADY-KILLER, MR...AH...

DITHERS: (PUFFED UP) DITHERS. J. C. DITHERS...OF THE J. C.
DITHERS CONSTRUCTION COMPANY.

MRS.: NO! YOU'RE NOT!

DAGWOOD: YEAH. SURE HE IS. HONEST.

MRS.: BUT HOW TOO, TOO DELIRIOUS! WHY I'M MRS. DIMMWITT.

DAGWOOD: WELL -- DON'T SAY MUCH AND NOBODY WILL NOTICE.
(LAUGHS)

DITHERS: BUMPSTEAD!

DAGWOOD: WHAT?

DITHERS: DO YOU REALIZE THAT MRS. DIMMWITT MAY BE THE WIFE OF
J. J. DIMMWITT, THE -- ER NOODLE KING?

MRS.: WHY, OF COURSE I AM -- ONLY I CALL HIM JAKE.

DAGWOOD: GOLLY -- IS THAT THE MAN WHO IS GIVING THE TOWN A NEW HIGH SCHOOL?

MRS.: WHY, YES. POOR JAKE NEVER WENT TO HIGH SCHOOL PERSONALLY AND THEY TOLD HIM HE WOULD BE MADE HONORARY PRESIDENT OF THE FRESHMAN CLASS...

DITHERS: A PRINCE OF GOOD FELLOWS...YOUR HUSBAND. ER -- HE ONCE MENTIONED SOMETHING ABOUT MY BUILDING THE ER -- STRUCTURE...

DAGWOOD: HAVE A CHAIR, MRS. ~~BLONDIE~~ ^{Sagjan} IT...LOOK -- IF YOU LIKE TO GIVE PARTIES YOU CAN GIVE THIS ONE...(CALLS) HI, BLONDIE, C'MERE A MINUTE.

MRS.: OH, THANK YOU...I'LL TELL JAKE TO GET IN TOUCH WITH YOU TOMORROW, MR. DITHERS.

BLONDIE: (COMING IN) DID YOU CALL ME, DAGWOOD?

DAGWOOD: YES -- ER -- THIS IS MY WIFE ^{shake hands with Mrs. Sagjan} BLONDIE ~~MRS. BLONDIE~~.

BLONDIE: OH, HELLO. ER -- PARDON THE EGG BEATER!

MRS.: OH -- ARE YOU MAKING SOMETHING -- IN THE KITCHEN?

BLONDIE: UHUH. EGG NOG -- IF THE OTHER INGREDIENTS EVER GET HERE.

DITHERS: PUT THE EGG-BEATER DOWN AND REST A MINUTE, BLONDIE. I WANT YOU LADIES TO KNOW EACH OTHER BETTER...

BLONDIE: OH, WE'LL BE FRIENDS IN NO TIME.

FUDDLE: (COMING IN) HEY, BLONDIE...OH...WHO'S THE CUTIE?

DAGWOOD: SHHH, FUDDLE...

FUDDLE: WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN ALL MY LIFE, LADY?

MRS.: OH, YOU MEN! OF COURSE I HAVE SPENT A GOOD DEAL OF TIME ON THE CONTINENT...

BLONDIE: REALLY?

DAGWOOD: WHICH ONE?

DITHERS: DON'T BE SILLY, BUMPSTEAD. SHE MEANS IN ITALY
AND FRANCE...

FUDDLE: WELL, WELL. FRANCY MEETING YOU HERE! (LAUGHS)

DITHERS: NOW LOOK HERE, FUDDLE! THIS LADY'S HUSBAND IS...

FUDDLE: A VERY LUCKY GUY -- I KNOW. WANT TO HELP ME MIX
THE EGG-NOG LITTLE ONE?

DAGWOOD: I'LL HELP YOU, FUDDLE...GIVE ME THE EGG-BEATER,
BLONDIE...

BLONDIE: HERE IT -- WHY -- WHERE IS IT?

DAGWOOD: YOU LAID IT DOWN RIGHT THERE...

DITHERS: I -- ER -- THOUGHT I SAW IT...

BLONDIE: IT WAS RIGHT HERE. NOW IT'S GONE. THAT'S THE
FUNNIEST THING I EVER HEARD OF...(DOOR BELL)

FUDDLE: AH...MY NEPHEW, LOVEJOY -- AT LAST. (GOING) NOW
I'LL GIVE HIM THAT GAG...(DOOR OPENS FAST) HEY!

DITHERS: WHAT'S THE MATTER, FUDDLE?

FUDDLE: THERE'S NO ONE AT THE DOOR. WHOEVER RANG THAT BELL
SEEMS TO HAVE DISAPPEARED.

DAGWOOD: LIKE THE EGG BEATER...

LOVEJOY: (AWAY) HA! FOOLED YE, DIDN'T I?

FUDDLE: LOVEJOY!

BLONDIE: GOODNESS. -- HOW DID HE GET INTO THE KITCHEN?

LOVEJOY: RUNG THE BELL AND RUN LIKE SIN AROUND BACK! FOOLED
YE! (LAUGHS)

FUDDLE: WELL IT TAKES A FUDDLE TO FOOL A FUDDLE. THAT'S MY
NEPHEW, FOLKS!

"BLONDIE"
1/1/40

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OMNES: (AD LIB HELLOS ETC.)

LOVEJOY: PROUD TER MEET UP WITH YER. WHO'S THAT PURTY GAL?

MRS.: I'M MRS. ~~DIMMICKETT~~ *Sagan*

LOVEJOY: NO -- I MEANT THE PURTIEST ONE...

DAGWOOD: THAT'S MY WIFE, BLONDIE...

LOVEJOY: WELL SPLIT MY BRITCHES -- IF SHE AIN'T A HUMMER. YES,
SIR. (TAKES OVER) I EXPECT YOU FOLKS WILL KINDA
LOOK TER ME TER RUN THIS RAREO FER YE -- THEY ALLUS
DO BACK HOME CAUSE I'M A CUTTER AT IT. YESIRREE.
LOOKEE. I BRUNG MY JEWS HARP -- AND KIN TWANG ER
FER A SQUARE DANCE AND CALL THE FIGGERS THROUGH MY
NOSE... (SOUND OF JEWS HARP) (NASALLY) RIGHT HAND TER
YER PARDNERS... SWING YER LADY... GRRRAAAAND RIGHT 'N
LAYEFT! (JEWS HARP CONTINUES UNDER)

DITHERS: BUMPSTEAD!

DAGWOOD: YES, SIR.

DITHERS: GET THAT FUGITIVE FROM A MAJOR BOWES HOUR OUT OF THE
WAY... MRS. ~~DIMMICKETT~~ *Sagan* WANTS TO RUN THIS PARTY.

DAGWOOD: GOSH! TWO "LIFE'S OF THE PARTIES" -- I DON'T KNOW HOW
TO FIX THAT!

MUSIC: (BUILDS IN UNDER AND UP TO THEN SEGUE INTO THEME)

(COMMERCIAL)

"BLONDIE" 15-A
1/1/40

GOODWIN: THE PLEASURE SIDE OF SLOW-BURNING CAMEL CIGARETTES IS MORE MILDNESS, MORE COOLNESS, AND MORE FLAVOR. CAMELS ARE FREE FROM THE IRRITATING EFFECTS OF TOO-FAST BURNING, AND SLOW-BURNING PRESERVES THE NATURAL FLAVOR AND FRAGRANCE OF CAMEL'S FINER, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS. THE ECONOMY SIDE OF CAMELS IS MORE ACTUAL SMOKING...PER CIGARETTE...PER PACK. THIS WAS CONFIRMED IN RECENT IMPARTIAL LABORATORY TESTS IN WHICH CAMELS BURNED TWENTY-FIVE PER CENT SLOWER THAN THE AVERAGE OF THE FIFTEEN OTHER OF THE LARGEST-SELLING BRANDS TESTED -- SLOWER THAN ANY OF THEM. THAT MEANS A SMOKING PLUS EQUAL, ON THE AVERAGE, TO FIVE EXTRA SMOKES PER PACK. IF YOU LIVE IN A COMMUNITY WHERE CERTAIN STATE CIGARETTE TAXES ARE IN EFFECT YOU CAN SAVE THE COST OF THE TAX THROUGH SMOKING CAMELS. IF THERE ARE NO ADDED TAXES WHERE YOU LIVE, THE SAVINGS ARE ALL YOURS. SO, CHANGE TO CAMELS FOR MORE PLEASURE PER PUFF AND MORE PUFFS PER PACK. PENNY FOR PENNY, CAMELS ARE YOUR BEST CIGARETTE BUY!

LOVEJOY: HOW'S THAT FER HIGH? (LAUGHS)

BLONDIE: THAT WAS FINE, LOVEJOY...NOW LET'S HEAR FROM MRS.
DIMMWITT. I'LL BET SHE KNOWS A GAME WE COULD ALL
PLAY.

MRS.: THOUSANDS, MY DEAR...NOW HERE'S ONE CALLED "PAUSE
AND PONDER" -- SO INTELLECTUAL. *Simply ingenious!*

LOVEJOY: WANT TER SEE A SLICK TRICK WITH A PIECE OF STRANG?

DITHERS: NO! GO ON, MRS. DIMMWITT...

LOVEJOY: THIS IS A TOOTER! I KIN TAKE A PIECE OF REGULAR
STRANG AND DO A TRICK THAT HED THE FOLKS BACK HOME
ABOUT CRAZY.

DITHERS: YOU DON'T NEED STRING TO DRIVE ME CRAZY.

FUDDLE: NOW, LISTEN, DITHERS. THIS BOY IS MY NEPHEW. HIS
FATHER IS A VERY PROMINENT MAN BACK HOME.

DAGWOOD: YEAH. A -- WHAT IS HE AGAIN FUDDLE?

FUDDLE: A RESTAURANTEUR *Chain of*

BLONDIE: ~~THAT MEANS HE RUNS A RESTAURANT~~

LOVEJOY: CRICKY! ~~THAT'S A FANCY NAME FER A PIG STAND.~~

BLONDIE: A PIG STAND?

FUDDLE: A BAR-B-Q -- ~~A DRIVE IN~~ LOVEJOY'S FATHER OWNS
TWO OR THREE... *has boy stands of Paas pay right
well.*

LOVEJOY: ~~MORE'N THAT BY NOW.~~ NOW LOOKEE...IF YER DON'T
WANT MY STRANG TRICK, HERE'S ONE WITH JEST A FEW
MATCHES...

DITHERS: WELL, GET IT OVER WITH.

DAGWOOD: HERE'S THE MATCHES...(TAKE) HEY! WHERE ARE THE
MATCHES, BLONDIE?

BLONDIE: WHY, I HAD PLENTY ON THE TABLE THERE. YOU KNOW --
THOSE LITTLE FANCY BOXES!

DAGWOOD: NONE HERE NOW.

BLONDIE: WHY, HOW FUNNY...I WONDER...

DITHERS: NEVER MIND THE MATCHES. WHAT'S THIS GAME OF
PAUSE AND PONDER, MRS. ~~DIMMWITH~~

MRS.: WELL -- IT WAS A SENSATION BACK IN NEW YORK...

LOVEJOY: OH, YOU FROM N'YAWK?

MRS.: I CAME FROM THERE ORIGINALLY... YES...

FUDDLE: MUST HAVE LEFT THERE BY TONY EXPRESS. (LAUGHS)

DITHERS: QUIET! GO ON, MRS. ~~DIMMWITH~~. SOME OF US LIKE
REALLY HIGH CLASS GAMES...

MRS.: THEN I'LL ASK YOU THE FIRST QUESTION IN THIS GAME,
MR. DITHERS. (ARCHLY) AND IF YOU CAN'T GUESS IN
TWENTY SECONDS...YOU PAY A FORFEIT! READY?

DITHERS: GO RIGHT AHEAD.

MRS.: WELL, IF THE PENDULUM OF A BIG, BIG CLOCK TAKES
ONE MINUTE TO SWING FROM ONE SIDE TO THE OTHER ON
THE FIRST SWING -- AND IT SWINGS HALF AS FAR ON
EACH SWING AS IT DID THE TIME BEFORE...HOW MANY
SWINGS DOES IT MAKE BEFORE IT STOPS? -- GO!

DITHERS: ER -- HOW WAS THAT AGAIN?

LOVEJOY: IT STOPS IN ONE SWING!...NOW HOW WOULD YOU LIKE...

DITHERS: QUIET! I'M THINKING.

FUDDLE: LOVEJOY IS RIGHT, DITHERS. A PENDULUM SWINGING
BACK AND FORTH HAS TO STOP AT THE TOP OF EACH
SWING -- BEFORE IT CAN SWING THE OTHER WAY...

DAGWOOD: GOSH! THAT'S RIGHT.

LOVEJOY: SURE -- THAT'S AN OLD ONE. NOW LOOKEE -- I'M
GOIN' TER SHOW YE A CARD TRICK...

FUDDLE: OH, THIS WILL BE GOOD. WHERE'S THE CARDS, BLONDIE?

DAGWOOD: SAME AS ALWAYS -- ON TOP OF THE DESK THERE.

BLONDIE: DAGWOOD! THE CARDS AREN'T THERE!

MRS.: GOODNESS! THEY'VE DISAPPEARED TOO?

DITHERS: AND NOT A MOMENT TOO SOON! I DON'T LIKE CARD TRICKS.

LOVEJOY: WANT TER TAKE A CHANCE ON A PUNCHBOARD?

DITHERS: NO!

LOVEJOY: TWENTY-FIVE CENTS A CRACK AND YOU MIGHT GIT SUMTHIN.

DAGWOOD: LOOK, WE DON'T LIKE GAMBLING IN OUR HOUSE...

FUDDLE: BETTER GIVE UP THE PUNCHBOARD, LOVEJOY. I'M
SURPRISED AT YOU!

LOVEJOY: WHY, UNCLE FARQUAR...IT WAS YOU PUT ME UP TO IT --
SO'S YOU CUD GIT BACK THE MONEY YOU PUT UP ON
THIS SHINDIG!

FUDDLE: (LAUGHS) LOVEJOY'S A GREAT JOKER, FOLKS. LIKE HIS DADDY BEFORE HIM...ER -- I'LL JUST GO OUT IN THE KITCHEN AND FIX THAT EGG-NOG.

MRS: NOW, MR. DITHERS...YOU FAILED AT MY GAME. YOU MUST PAY A FORFEIT.

DITHERS: WELL -- I'M GAME, MRS. DIMMWITT. ANYTHING YOU SAY.

MRS: WELL, FOR BEING SO BRAVE...I GIVE YOU A NICE FORFEIT. I'LL PUT OUT THE LIGHTS...AND YOU MUST KISS THE FIRST GIRL YOU CATCH IN THE DARK...READY...GO! (CLICK OF LIGHT SWITCH)

DITHERS: STAND STILL, MRS. DIMMWITT -- I'M AFTER YOU...AH! GOT YOU!

LOVEJOY: HEY, LEGGO ER ME! I AIN'T USED TER KISSIN' GAMES!

BLONDIE: TURN ON THE LIGHTS! (A CLICK)

MRS: OH, DEAR ME.

BLONDIE: WHAT'S THE MATTER?

MRS: IT'S GONE!

DAGWOOD: GOSH. SOMETHING ELSE MISSING?

MRS: MY BRACELET.

BLONDIE: WHAT?

MRS: OH, DON'T WORRY, MY DEAR...I MIGHT HAVE LOST IT OUTSIDE...IT WASN'T VERY VALUABLE ANYWAY...POOR JAKE PICKED IT UP AT A BARGAIN...FOUR OR FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS AT THE MOST...

DAGWOOD: LISTEN, THAT'S TOO MUCH TO LOSE!

BLONDIE: YES -- AND THE EGG-BEATER...AND THE MATCHES AND THE CARDS DISAPPEARED TOO.

MRS: OH, PLEASE DON'T BOTHER ABOUT IT...LET'S GO ON WITH THE PARTY.

DITHERS: SOME PARTY!

LOVEJOY: WANT TO SEE A GOOD TRICK? GIVE ME A WATCH AND I'LL SHOW YE.

DAGWOOD: I HAVEN'T GOT A WATCH.

LOVEJOY: THIS UN'LL DO.

DITHERS: HERE! CAREFUL OF THAT WATCH AND CHAIN. THAT WAS GIVEN ME BY MY EMPLOYEES.

DAGWOOD: COST A HUNDRED DOLLARS --- WHOLESALE.

LOVEJOY: DON'T MATTER A MITE --- TO A MAGICIAN --- LIKE ME. NOW LOOKEE. I NEED A HANKECHEEF. HERE YOU WRAP IT UP.

MRS. ME?

LOVEJOY: SURE. WRAP IT UP TIGHT 'N PASS HER AROUND SO'S ALL KIN FEEL THE WATCH INSIDE. NOW --- GOT A STOUT HAMMER?

DITHERS: WAIT! I DON'T WANT THAT WATCH HAMMERED.

LOVEJOY: WELL, IT'S ALL THE SAME TERME, NOW I TAKE HOLT ER THE WATCH IN THE HANKY...JEST BY THE CORNERS...LIKE THIS...AND I KNOCK IT ONTER THE FLOOR.

DITHERS: HEY!

LOVEJOY: LIKE THIS, (SOUND OF POUNDING WATCH ON FLOOR)

DITHERS: OOOOOH!

FUDDLE: (FADING IN) HERE'S THE EGG-NOG, FOLKS...

DITHERS: EGG --- NOG MY EYE! LET ME SEE THAT WATCH!

LOVEJOY: SURE, OPEN UP THE HANKY...AND WHAT DO YOU FIND?

DITHERS: MY WATCH! SMASHED TO BITS!

LOVEJOY: NOPE...WHEN YOU OPEN UP THE HANKY YOU FIND...(TAKE) CRICKY!
IT IS BUSTED!

BLONDIE: OH, LOVEJOY!

DAGWOOD: IT COST A HUNDRED DOLLARS.

DITHERS: YOU --- YOU --- YOU...

FUDDLE: NOW, DITHERS. WHAT'S A WATCH AMONG FRIENDS...IF THAT WAS MY WATCH YOU KNOW WHAT I'D SAY?...(TAKE) WAIT A MINUTE. THAT IS MY WATCH. I RECOGNIZE THE CASE!

DITHERS: THANK HEAVENS IT ISN'T MINE!

BLONDIE: YOUR WATCH, MR. FUDDLE? BUT HOW DID IT GET IN THERE?

DITHERS: HA! ASK THE MAGICIAN!

LOVEJOY: I -- I DUNNO. IT WAS JEST S'POSED TER BE A TRICK... I GUESS I'LL HEAD FER HOME. *what happened under,*

FUDDLE: CAREFUL, LOVEJOY -- DON'T JOGGLE THIS BOWL OF EGG-NOG I'M HOLDING.

DITHERS: NEVER MIND THE EGG-NOG. IF MY WATCH ISN'T SMASHED, GIVE IT BACK.

LOVEJOY: HOW'S THAT, MISTER?

DAGWOOD: MR. DITHERS WANTS HIS WATCH.

LOVEJOY: BUT I AIN'T GOT IT. I DUNNO WHERE IT WENT.

DITHERS: NOW LISTEN, NONE OF THAT.

BLONDIE: HE MEANS IT, MR. DITHERS. HE DOESN'T KNOW.

DITHERS: BAH! HE TOOK IT, DIDN'T HE?... YES -- AND WHAT ABOUT THE EGG BEATER AND THE MATCHES AND THE CARDS.

MRS: AND MY BRACELET?

DITHERS: YES! THIS NEPHEW OF YOURS IS A CROOK, FUDDLE.

LOVEJOY: (LOUDLY) I AIN'T NARY SUCH A THING! I -- I AIN'T GOIN' TER STAY HERE AND BE CALLED NO NAMES EITHER... LEMME GO!

FUDDLE: WAIT... CAREFUL... OOPPPS... *Back to the egg nog*

(MRS. DIMMWITT SCREAMS... A CRASH OF HEAVY GLASS... AD LIB FROM ALL)

MRS: MY DRESS!

DITHERS: STOP HIM! STOP THAT BOY!

BLONDIE: OH! -- EGG-NOG ALL OVER MRS. DIMMWITT'S DRESS!

DAGWOOD: HEY -- WAIT!

FUDDLE: LOVEJOY!... (FADING) COME BACK! COME BACK HERE, LOVEJOY...

(DOOR SLAM)

BLONDIE: COME RIGHT UPSTAIRS, MRS...ER...HURRY...I'LL TRY TO CLEAN
YOUR DRESS...

MRS: (GOING) RUINED...IT'S SIMPLY RUINED! JAKE PAID SIX HUNDRED
DOLLARS FOR THIS.

BLONDIE: (GOING) THERE'S EGG-NOG IN YOUR HAIR TOO --- OH DEAR...

DAGWOOD: GOLLY, MR. DITHERS...I'M SORRY...

DITHERS: SORRY? SORRY'S A MIGHTY LAME HORSE, BUMSTEAD. DO YOU REALIZE
WHAT YOU'VE DONE NOW?

DAGWOOD: ME?

DITHERS: YES -- YOU! YOU GAVE THIS INFERNAL PARTY, BUMSTEAD! YOU
INVITED FUDDLE AND THAT MISSING LINK OVER HERE,...AND WHAT
HAPPENS?

DAGWOOD: I....

DITHERS: I'LL TELL YOU WHAT HAPPENS! I LOSE A HUNDRED DOLLAR WATCH..
AND THE WIFE OF A MAN WHO WANTS TO BUILD A HIGH SCHOOL LOSES
A FIVE HUNDRED DOLLAR BRACELET...RUINS A SIX HUNDRED DOLLAR
DRESS...AND GETS AN EGG-NOG SHAMPOO!

DAGWOOD: BUT...

DITHERS: YOU'LL MAKE GOOD, BUMSTEAD! IF THOSE GORILLAS DON'T PAY FOR
THIS...YOU WILL!

DAGWOOD: OH, BLOOOOOOOOOOOOONDIE!

MUSIC: (IN FOR BRIEF INTERLUDE)

(DOOR OPENS...SHUTS)

DITHERS: ANY SIGN OF THEM, BUMSTEAD?

DAGWOOD: NO SIR. THE WAY LOVEJOY WAS RUNNING I GUESS HE MUST BE HALF
WAY BACK TO SINGING SPRINGS BY NOW --- AND FUDDLE AFTER HIM.

DITHERS: A PAIR OF CROOKS!

DAGWOOD: NO -- LISTEN, MR. DITHERS. FUDDLE MAY LAUGH AT HIS OWN JOKES, BUT HE'S NO CROOK. AND I DON'T THINK LOVEJOY IS EITHER.

DITHERS: MY WATCH IS GONE, ISN'T IT?

DAGWOOD: YES SIR, BUT I GUESS LOVEJOY JUST GOT MIXED UP IN THAT TRICK HE WAS DOING.

DITHERS: PAH! WHAT ABOUT MRS. DIMMWITT'S DIAMOND BRACELET?

DAGWOOD: I DON'T KNOW. I WISH SHE AND BLONDIE WOULD COME DOWN...
THEY'VE BEEN UPSTAIRS A LONG TIME NOW.

DITHERS: WHAT WERE THEY DOING LAST TIME YOU WERE UP THERE?

DAGWOOD: WELL, MRS. DIMMWITT WAS IN THE SHOWER -- WASHING EGG-NOG OUT OF HER HAIR, AND BLONDIE WAS CLEANING HER DRESS...

DITHERS: MRS. DIMMWITT STILL MAD?

DAGWOOD: I GUESS SO. SHE WAS YELLING -- BUT I COULDN'T MAKE OUT WHAT ABOUT. THE SHOWER WAS TOO LOUD.

DITHERS: WELL -- I'M COOLER NOW, BUMSTEAD. BUT I MEANT WHAT I SAID.
SOMEBODY IS GOING TO HAVE TO MAKE GOOD FOR MY WATCH...AND
MRS. DIMMWITT'S DRESS...

DAGWOOD: IT'S A FUNNY THING. WHEN BLONDIE CAME TO THE DOOR...SHE SAID MRS. DIMMWITT DIDN'T WANT HER TO CLEAN THE DRESS.
BUT SHE WAS DOING IT JUST THE SAME...

BLONDIE: (AWAY) DAGWOOD!

DITHERS: HERE'S BLONDIE NOW -- COMING DOWNSTAIRS...

BLONDIE: (COMING IN) MY! YOU CLEANED THE RUG NICELY, DAGWOOD.

DAGWOOD: UHUH. IT'S ABOUT ALL I HAD TO DO FOR AWHILE. I TRIED TWICE TO FIND FUDDLE AND HIS NEPHEW.

"BLONDIE"
1/1/40

-24-

BLONDIE: WELL, I'VE BEEN FINDING THINGS.

DITHERS: (SARCASTIC) HUMP! FOUND MY WATCH I SUPPOSE.

BLONDIE: WHY, YES --- AS A MATTER OF FACT I DID.

DITHERS: WHAT?

DAGWOOD: WHERE?

BLONDIE: IN THE SAME PLACE I FOUND THE EGG BEATER AND THE MATCHES
AND CARDS --- IN LITTLE POCKETS --- SEWN INSIDE THAT DRESS I
WAS CLEANING!

DITHERS: MRS. ^{Saglan} ~~DEWITT~~'S DRESS?

BLONDIE: OH, YES. HER BRACELET WAS THERE TOO.

DITHERS: THANK HEAVEN,

DAGWOOD: ~~YEAH, BUT WAIT A MINUTE. WHAT WERE THOSE THINGS DOING ---
HIDDEN IN HER DRESS?~~

*Walter: yes - But -
Logan: - But how did those things
get hidden in her dress.*

BLONDIE: WHY, SHE PUT THEM THERE, DAGWOOD...ONE AT A TIME.

DAGWOOD: SHE DID? WHY?

BLONDIE: BECAUSE SHE'S A KLEPTOMANIAC.

DAGWOOD: NOW -- LET'S NOT BRING UP HER RELIGION, BLONDIE.

DITHERS: NONSENSE, BUMSTEAD. A KLEPTOMANIAC IS A KIND OF THIEF.

BLONDIE: THEY CAN'T HELP IT, THOUGH...

DAGWOOD: BUT WHAT WOULD MRS. DIMMWITT WANT WITH OUR EGGBEATER?

BLONDIE: THEY TAKE ANYTHING THEY CAN LAY HANDS ON...THE VALUE DOESN'T MATTER. HERE'S YOUR WATCH, MR. DITHERS. ~~AND YOU'D BETTER CLOSE YOUR MOUTH... YOU'LL GET CONSILTIOS!~~

DAGWOOD: BUT, MRS. DIMMWITT...

DITHERS: PAH! SHE'S NOT MRS. DIMMWITT! IMPOSSIBLE! THE WOMAN'S AN IMPOSTER. CALL THE POLICE!

BLONDIE: TOO LATE, MR. DITHERS. I SENT HER HOME...THE BACK WAY.

DITHERS: LET HER GO? WHY?

BLONDIE: BECAUSE SHE IS MRS. J. J. DIMMWITT AND HER POOR HUSBAND HAS HAD ENOUGH TROUBLE WITH HER. SHE TOLD ME ALL ABOUT IT BEFORE SHE LEFT. I'M SO SORRY FOR HER.

DITHERS: WELL -- THERE GOES OUR CHANCE AT THE HIGH SCHOOL BUILDING - AGAIN!

DAGWOOD: WHY?

DITHERS: J. J. WILL BE ASHAMED TO FACE ME WHEN HE'S HEARD ABOUT THIS...

BLONDIE: OH, NO. I CALLED HIM ON THE PHONE UPSTAIRS. HE THANKED ME...AND ASKED IF DAGWOOD COULD SEE HIM IN THE MORNING.

DITHERS: IS THAT SO? WELL, THEN -- WE'RE OUT OF TROUBLE...(DOOR BANGS OPEN) WHO'S THIS?

DAGWOOD: TOOOOOH. IT'S FUDDLE...AND HE'S MAD!

FUDDLE: YOU, DITHERS! I'LL HAVE THE LAW ON YOU!

DITHERS: EH? WHAT HAVE I DONE?

FUDDLE: YOU'VE HOUNDED MY NEPHEW OUT OF TOWN... THAT'S WHAT! NO TELLING WHERE THE POOR BOY HAS GONE.

DITHERS: LISTEN, I'M SORRY.

FUDDLE: SORRY! SORRY'S A MIGHT LAME HORSE, DITHERS! LET ME TELL YOU -- YOU'LL ANSWER FOR CALLING AN INNOCENT BOY A CROOK! THERE'S A LAW IN THIS LAND, DITHERS.

BLONDIE: NOW, MR. FUDDLE...MR. DITHERS WAS EXCITED... *and since*

DAGWOOD: ~~YEAH, AND WE KNOW NOW LOVEJOY DIDN'T TAKE THOSE THINGS...~~

FUDDLE: ~~I ALWAYS KNEW IT.~~

BLONDIE: THE THINGS HAVE BEEN FOUND.

FUDDLE: WHERE?

BLONDIE: IT DOESN'T MATTER.

FUDDLE: WELL, MY NEPHEW MATTERS. WHAT AM I GOING TO TELL HIS FATHER?

BLONDIE: WHY, NEXT TIME YOU WRITE, SAY THAT LOVEJOY HAS A BIGGER APPETITE THAN...DAGWOOD. AND THAT'S SOMETHING TO BOAST ABOUT.

DAGWOOD: WHAT'S MY APPETITE GOT TO DO WITH IT?

FUDDLE: LISTEN, BLONDIE. DO YOU KNOW WHERE LOVEJOY IS?

BLONDIE: OF COURSE. WHEN I LET MRS. DIMMWITT OUT -- I FOUND LOVEJOY. HE'D JUST RUN AROUND THE HOUSE AND HE WAS ON THE BACK PORCH.

DITHERS: WHERE'S THE BOY NOW?

BLONDIE: OUT IN THE KITCHEN -- POLISHING OFF HIS SECOND PIE!

DAGWOOD: HEY -- THAT PIE WAS FOR THE PARTY!

FUDDLE: (CALLS) LOVEJOY!

LOVEJOY: (COMING IN -- MOUTH FULL) HIYAH, UNCLE FARQUAR. SAY, I GOT TER GIT THE REECEEP FER THIS PIE FER POP. HE DOES A POWERFUL PIE BUSINESS AT HIS PIG STANDS.

DITHERS: LISTEN, LOVEJOY -- I -- I MADE A MISTAKE ABOUT YOU. I WANT TO MAKE GOOD. NOW, I'LL SHOW YOU A GOOD TIME WHILE YOU'RE IN TOWN.

LOVEJOY: WELL, THANKYE. I WON'T BE STAYING LONG, THOUGH. JEST LONG ERNUF FER PAW'S BUSINESS.

DAGWOOD: OH -- YOU HERE ON BUSINESS, LOVEJOY?

LOVEJOY: YEP. GOTTER BUY UP THE SITES FER THE NEW PIG STANDS.

DITHERS: EH? GOING TO BUILD -- ER -- PIG STANDS AROUND HERE?

LOVEJOY: YEP. BUSINESS IS A GROWIN'! AIM TER BUILD ER BOUT TEN IN THIS STATE NEXT.

DAGWOOD: LOOK, LOVEJOY -- MR. DITHER BUILDS THINGS.

LOVEJOY: WAL -- IT'S LIKE THIS...I LIKE YOU, MR. BUMSTEAD. YOU AN YER PURTY WIFE NEVER DID THINK I WAS NO CROOK, DID YER?

BLONDIE: NO, INDEED.

LOVEJOY: SO -- IF YOU WAS TER SAY LET THIS HERE DITHERS BUILD 'EM...

DITHERS: HE DOES.

DAGWOOD: YEAH. I DO!

LOVEJOY: WELL, THEN, RECKON THAT'S SETTLED. SO IS MY PIE. LET'S GIT ON WITH THE PARTY.

DITHERS: ANYTHING YOU SAY, LOVEJOY.

LOVEJOY: WANT TO TAKE A PUNCH ON MY PUNCHBOARD?

DITHERS: I'LL TAKE 'EM ALL!

DAGWOOD: SHOW US SOME CARD TRICKS, LOVEJOY. WE FOUND THE CARDS --
AND THE MATCHES.

LOVEJOY: MY BEST UN IS WITH THE STRANG.

BLONDIE: OH -- I THINK YOUR BEST TRICK IS PLAYING THAT JEWS HARP
AND CALLING THE FIGGERS AT THE SAME TIME...

FUDDLE: A GREAT BOY -- MY NEPHEW...LIKE HIS DADDY BEFORE HIM...

LOVEJOY: YEP. PAW COULDN'T DO THIS, THOUGH...LISTEN...(SOUND OF
JEWS HARP)

BLONDIE: TAKE MY HAND, DAGWOOD...LET'S DANCE...

DAGWOOD: SURE...COME ON, FUDDLE.

FUDDLE: WE'RE SHORT A LADY FOR THE SET...

BLONDIE: OH, MR. DITHERS WILL FILL IN FOR THAT...COME ON!

DAGWOOD: COME ON, DITHERS...LET'S GO! IT'S STILL NEW YEARS!

LOVEJOY: (NASAL THROUGH JEWS HARP) SWING YER PARTNERS...BALANCE
ALL...TEETER TOTTER AND BACK TER PLACE...NOW THEN....
GRRRAAN...RRRRRRRIIIIIIIIGHT AN' LAYEFT!
(MUSIC UP AND SEGUE TO THEME FOR)
(CLOSING)

"BLONDIE" -29-
1/1/40

ORCHESTRA: (THEME UP AND FADE FOR:)

GOODWIN: BLONDIE IS PLAYED BY PENNY SINGLETON AND DAGWOOD BY ARTHUR LAKE, COLUMBIA PICTURE STARS. AND SO...UNTIL NEXT MONDAY AT THIS SAME TIME WE LEAVE THE BUMSTEADS. BUT SATURDAY NIGHT CAMEL CIGARETTES BRING YOU ANOTHER PROGRAM AND A THRILLING SURPRISE. OVER ANOTHER NETWORK -- BOB CROSBY AND THE BEST DIXIELAND BAND IN THE LAND STARTING A NEW SERIES WITH -- MILDRED BAILEY! AND THIS SATURDAY AS SPECIAL GUEST ON HIS KID BROTHER'S NEW SHOW -- BING CROSBY! THERE'S SOMETHING YOU CAN'T MISS. BING ON THE NEW CAMEL SERIES STARRING BOB CROSBY, HIS ORCHESTRA AND MILDRED BAILEY! THAT IS REAL RADIO PLEASURE! AND FOR YOUR 1940 SMOKING PLEASURE -- TRY CAMELS, YOU'LL FIND MORE PLEASURE PER PUFF, MORE PUFFS PER PACK.

ORCHESTRA: (THEME UP AND FADE FOR:)

GOODWIN: OUR BLONDIE ORCHESTRA IS DIRECTED BY BILLY ARTZ WHO ALSO CREATES THE SPECIAL MUSICAL EFFECTS.... THIS IS BILL GOODWIN SPEAKING FOR THE MAKERS OF CAMEL CIGARETTES....GOOD NIGHT.

ORCHESTRA: (THEME UP AND FADE FOR:)

GOODWIN: THIS IS THE COLUMBIA....BROADCASTING SYSTEM.